

# Descendants of Stage Stars Much in Limelight To-day

Second Generation Players Figuring in Newer Productions  
Revive Traditions of Family Names Long Renowned in  
World of Drama---Some Prominent Ones in New York



BLYTH DALY,  
DAUGHTER OF ARNOLD of the  
NAME.  
By LUCIAN CLEVES.

THE old playgoer is a useless, garrulous sort of old nuisance who will insist on talking about the palmy days and the old school and other topics which could not possibly be of the least interest to a young man just out of college. But indifferent as the rest of the world may be to him, he has his pleasures. It affords him great delight, for instance, to discover on a programme some name that recalls the past. He loves to discover in the list of actors a title that suggests some favorite of his earlier years. Fortunately the actors of the past have left descendants who are active in the theatre of the day. It often happens that the old playgoer is therefore able to enjoy his own private and special pleasure at a performance which provides no such byway of satisfaction to the man who sits next to him but who possesses no traditions or memories. Indeed the present time is especially rich in occasion for such delights of reminiscence. There are, of course, the Barrymores, who are always with us and bring to the mind their gifted parents. Yet they reach on their mother's side much further back into theatrical history, since they are descended from the Drews. But it would take much more time and trouble than those pesky old playgoers are worth to take up that thread of research. There are many other young members of more recently famous theatrical families that are carrying on the standards of their profession. They are to be seen in a number of the newer plays.

## Gilda Varesi of a Family of Singers.

In Gilda Varesi, for instance, who is the heroine of her own play "Enter Madame," at the Garrick Theatre, there is several generations of theatre blood. It is, to be sure, more the lyric theatre than the dramatic, since the ancestors of the talented girl were famous singers in their day. Her mother, who sang under the name of Varesi in the principal European countries, was a teacher in Chicago until her death there a few weeks ago. Her grandmother on the maternal side was also a famous singer in her day and it is said that one of the earlier Varesis "created," as the phrase is, the role of the Jester when Verdi's opera "Rigoletto" was sung for the first time in Italy. So the theatre blood flows thick there. The scenes of operatic life which "Enter Madame" contains reflect Miss Varesi's knowledge of the milieu in which her play is laid.

Blyth Daly is one of the most ornamental of the young women in "Happy-Go-Lucky," at the Booth Theatre. She is a daughter of Arnold of that ilk and has given ample evidence that she possesses the family talent in a high degree. Miss Daly made her first appearance with her stepfather, Frank Craven, in a farce called "This Way Out," given four years ago at the Cohan Theatre in the middle of summer. Later she took the part of

a Red Cross nurse in "Getting Together," the British propaganda play. When Frank Craven produced "Too Many Cooks" in London Miss Daly had a part. She is blond, vivacious and full of the spirit of comedy. Last season she took part in some of the performances of "At 9:45." She was also in "No More Blondes."

Edith Gresham, whose full name is Edith Ford Gresham, and who made her professional debut last season in "39 East," comes of good theatrical stock. Her father is Herbert Gresham, who was a leading member of Augustin Daly's famous stock company for many years. In later years Mr. Gresham has directed the production of most of the big dramatic successes presented by Klaw & Erlanger. At present he is general stage director for A. L. Erlanger. Miss Gresham's mother is Martha Ford, a daughter of John T. Ford of Baltimore, who made a name for herself as an actress of classic roles.

Miss Gresham was educated at Mrs. Hazen's school at Pelham Manor, and while she was there was prominent in all the amateur dramatic performances. After her graduation she decided that she wanted to go on the stage. She told her mother first and won her consent without much difficulty. And after that—well, her father had nothing to say. He did persuade her to take a two years' course in the Sargent Dramatic School, possibly hoping that that might cure her. But it didn't, and so at the beginning of last season he assisted her in getting her first engagement in the "39 East" company. In that play she and the daughter of Edwin Arden played the two spinsters and, incidentally, made quite a hit. Miss Gresham doesn't know yet what she will do the coming season—except that she is not going to play in "39 East" again.

## Mildred Arden's Lineage.

When Miss Gresham was making her first appearance in "39 East" Mildred Arden was the other sister of the well bred pair that lived in Miss Crothers's boarding house. She is a daughter of the late Edwin Arden, who was for so many years one of the best known of the American actors. But there is other theatre blood in her veins, for her mother is a daughter of the tragedian James Keene. Miss Arden, who was in the original production of "39 East" at the Shubert Theatre, continued in that play until the close of its season last spring. She will continue in the profession to which she was destined

by her parents on both sides of her family.



RANKIN DAVENPORT  
OF A HISTORIC THEATRE FAMILY



MARGOLO GILLMORE  
A DAUGHTER OF  
FRANK GILLMORE



GILDA VARESI  
NOW A STAR IN "ENTER MADAME"  
COMES OF A FAMILY IDENTIFIED WITH THE  
THEATRE IN ITALY



EDITH GRESHAM  
A DAUGHTER OF HERBERT  
GRESHAM.

Generally speaking, the familiar theatre names are most often possessed by the young women of the theatre, although there is an occasional recurrence among the men. This happened so recently as the performance of "The Jest" at the Plymouth Theatre. On the programme well down from the top, it might be mentioned, was "Rankin Davenport." This combination seemed to pierce far back into the history of the American theatre. Both names have been in its hall of fame. It turned out that the young man who was thus introduced to the New York public was fully entitled to assume these two family names. He is the son of Harry Davenport, a younger brother of Fanny that that family, and therefore a grandson of E. L. Davenport, so long famous as an American tragedian.

His mother was Phyllis, one of the daughters of McKee Rankin and Kitty Blanchard, and played all last winter in "Three Wise Fools" when John Golden gave the comedy at the Criterion Theatre. In her youth she was a much praised stage beauty and was, with her husband, among the performers that won its great success for "The Belle of New York." She was Miss F.F. Of course, her mother had a notable career as a star with her husband in "The Danites," and as Henriette in "The Two Orphans," when the piece was given at the old Union Square Theatre.

Arthur Rankin is the baptismal name of the young man, who sometimes prefers to use the family name of his father as a forename. He was born August 20, 1896. His aunt was Gladys Rankin, the first wife of the late Sydney Drew and mother of Sydney Rankin Drew, who was killed in France during the war. The youthful Rankin made his first appearance at an Actors Fund benefit and immediately afterward entered the

United States Army and remained in service until just before his appearance in "The Jest." After the run of that play he went in for the cinema and has appeared in a number of picture plays with his uncle, Lionel Barrymore, who married his aunt, Doris Rankin. Mr. Rankin is not the only child of Harry and Phyllis Davenport. He has a younger brother with no less a name than E. L. Davenport 3d, and two sisters, Fanny and Kate Davenport.

Patti Harrold, who now has the title role in "Irene" at the Vanderbilt Theatre and is likely to sing it for some months to come, is a daughter of Orville Harrold, who has made such a reputation for himself in the company of the Metropolitan Opera House during the last season. Miss Harrold's full name is Adelina Patti, but the first dropped out as being somewhat too much of a mouthful for operetta. Miss Harrold's experience before she attempted this difficult

role, in which she must sing, dance and act well, was confined to a few appearances in the chorus. But she had the family talent, and when the opportunity came it helped her to make the most of it, just as it often does Margolo Gillmore, who has made one of the notable successes of the past season in "The Famous Mrs. Fair." So one of the youngest of the players who are on the stage by descent. Her father, Frank Gillmore, was a popular leading man until he resigned, last season, from active work in his profession to take the direction of the Actors Equity. He was born in this country, went to England, and after two years of commercial life, inevitably went on the stage, since he is a nephew of the late Sarah, Thomas and Fred Thorne of the famous English theatre family. His career has been divided between this country and England.

## First Seen in "April."

His daughter comes, therefore, of several generations of actors. It was in a short-lived play called "April," acted at the Punch and Judy Theatre, that she was first seen. After this engagement she appeared in Looth Tarkington's "Up From Nowhere" at the Comedy Theatre. In neither play did she reveal anything more than a striking girlish beauty, blond specifically. James Forbes's uncommonly clever play, however, provides, as all clever plays do, fine opportunities for the actors. So not all the glories of that production went to Miss Bates and Mr. Miller. Miss Gillmore made a most notable hit.

## Capt. John Settles Deep Sea Claim With Satisfaction All on His Side

CAPT. JOHN BULLOCK of the fishing schooner Polar Wave could never have invented a new way to pay old debts. He was a first rate cod fisherman. He knew the Labrador coast almost as well as he knew Stonington, Conn., which was his home port. He was an expert at salting, curing and packing cod, but when it came to a trial of wits between him and Peter Carew, the owner of the Polar Wave and other fishing vessels, "Capt. John," as he was called, was badly in need of help. However, he knew where to look for help, and being, as he thought, in tight quarters, he lost no time in making his run from Stonington to Newport, R. I. Landed at Newport, he made a beeline for the office of Duty J. Purse.

Mr. Purse was a Rhode Island institution a hundred years ago. This is a certainty, for his name is well remembered to-day throughout New England by old timers who were not born when he died. He was a lawyer of such marked ability that his clients lost no sleep after he had promised to take their cases. He was a fine looking example of the old school of legal practitioners. Always well groomed and of serious mien in public, he had both quiet humor and biting wit in private life. Two men more unlike than Duty J. Purse, lawyer, and John Bullock, deep sea fisherman, it would have been hard to find. Yet the lawyer had a strong friendship for the fisherman, while the latter had a boundless admiration for the lawyer. As soon as he had shaken hands with his friend Capt. Bullock felt easy in his mind.

## Capt. John States His Case.

"What's the trouble, John?" asked Mr. Purse when his visitor was seated, with his pipe between his teeth. "I'm not exactly in trouble, Mr. Purse," said Capt. Bullock, "but I'm bothered. Perhaps I'd better tell my story from the beginning." "Heave ahead," ordered Duty J. Purse. "You know Peter Carew of Stonington?" Mr. Purse nodded. "Well," continued Bullock, "I've been in his employ for a good many years. Every season I go to the Labrador coast in the Polar Wave or some other schooner owned by Peter Carew. We salt our catch of cod on the Labrador shore. When we have a full cargo we set sail for Stonington and arrive there. Peter Carew, as you know, keeps a general store on the dock. During the winter if I run short of money I get supplies from the store. These are charged against my share of the first cargo of fish. Last season wasn't very good for the Polar Wave or for me. Peter Carew gets a third of the catch for his share. The other two-thirds are divided between me and the crew. When my score at the store was settled not long before Christmas there was little money coming to me. I got my supplies, as usual, from the store, but the score against me is larger than usual."

"How much is it?" interrupted Mr. Purse. "Just an even sixty dollars," replied Captain Bullock. "Bah, a mere nothing," said the lawyer. "It ain't much to you, of course, Mr. Purse," continued Bullock, "but it's a good deal for me. It's the biggest score I ever owed Peter Carew and for the first time since I entered his employ he seems a mite distrustful." "What makes you think he is distrustful?" asked Mr. Purse. "Why," replied the fisherman, "he asked me to give him a note for the amount of my score. I never gave a note in my life and I thought I'd better come and see you and ask your advice."

## An Odd Demand Note.

"All right, John," said Mr. Purse, who began rubbing his hands together, as if he thoroughly enjoyed the situation. "I will write the note. You will sign it and give it to Carew. It will teach him not to show distrust of the best captain and fisherman in his employ. Also it will give him a dislike for demand notes for the rest of his life." Mr. Purse sat down at his desk and in a few minutes handed a paper to Capt. Bullock, saying, "Sign that, John, and give it to Carew with a clear conscience." Bullock signed the note and was about to put it in an inside pocket of his pea jacket when the lawyer said, "Better read it, John." Bullock proceeded to read the note. He was almost as slow at reading as he had been in signing his name. When he had read the last line he almost dropped the note in his surprise. As if not sure of his eyes, he read the last line again. Then he burst into a series of boisterous guffaws, in which he was joined, with much glee, by Duty J. Purse.

Whether or not Peter Carew was in an absent minded mood when he received the note is not known. He took it, glanced at the amount and put the note in his strong box. When Capt. Bullock returned from the Labrador coast with a full cargo Peter Carew received his own share and no more. "Where's the fish for the note?" he demanded. "In the Straits of Belle Isle," replied Capt. Bullock. "What?" roared Carew, in astonished wrath. "Are you drunk, Bullock?" "No, sir," replied Bullock, "I'm dead sober; better read that note." Carew lost no time in getting the note. It read as follows:

STONINGTON, Conn., March 19, 1920.  
On demand I promise to pay to Mr. Peter Carew, for value received to the amount of sixty dollars, in fish as they run in the Straits of Belle Isle. JOHN BULLOCK.

When Peter Carew came to the words "as they run in the Straits of Belle Isle" he burst into language of a very shocking character, and most heartily did he curse the name and person of Duty J. Purse. The latter laughed till he cried, when, later, Capt. John Bullock described the scene and repeated Peter Carew's fiery language.

## Poetic Lore of the Iris Figures In Traditions That Are Centuries Old

EVERY schoolboy who has declaimed the ringing lines of "The Battle of Ivry" has learned to associate the lilies of France, no less than the white plume of her hero king, with history in its most stirring aspect. Not every schoolgirl who follows with pride and sympathy the career of Joan of Arc, the young French peasant girl and saint, may know, however, that they are associated even more closely with the "lily maid" of France; since, when the king ennobled her, the title he conferred—needless, but aptly chosen—made her *Dame du Lis*—the Lady of the Lilies.

Yet the lilies of France were not lilies at all; for the fleur-de-lis, or flower-de-luce, is certainly an iris. Medieval Florence, however, also reckoned it a lily, blazoned it on her famous gonfalon, and made it conspicuous in her splendid chronicles.

Possibly it may claim even an older and a loftier fame; for some botanists assert that it was neither scarlet anemone, nor meadow lily, nor blazing wild tulip, as others claim, but the stately Oriental iris, in its royal purple majesty, with which Solomon in all his glory could not compare.

Of late years, Japan, the land of gardens, has added largely to our iris lore. The Japanese irises, far surpassing all others in beauty and variety, bear fanciful, often

poetic names, which it is a pity our poetic nurserymen so seldom translate.

One lively white variety is Moonlight; another, Moonlight of Foam; one faintly flushed is Dawn on the Mountain; a striped sort, waving in the wind, has acquired the name of Dancing Tiger, and then there are also a Dancing Bear, a Dancing Lion, and a Heron's Feather.

The iris gardens of Japan are wonders of loveliness, and in the most famous the little maid who serve the visiting crowds with tea in the pretty summer houses are carefully arrayed in iris hues.

On one special day, May 5, it is customary for all houses to display graceful and beautiful arrangements of iris, hung beneath the eaves, and at all the public baths buds and petals of the iris are cast about upon the water to delight the bathers with their scent and color.

One homelier kind is especially the flower of the Japanese women; for centuries-old tradition tells that once, in time of famine, it was decreed that all cultivable land must be planted to food crops only; but the women, unwilling to forego their ornamental powder, made from the tuberous roots, cleverly transferred their irises to the sods of the thatched roofs, where they grew and flourished. Certain it is that this iris—the iris tectorum—is still so planted in Japan, and thrives in purple splendor, cresting the humblest farms.